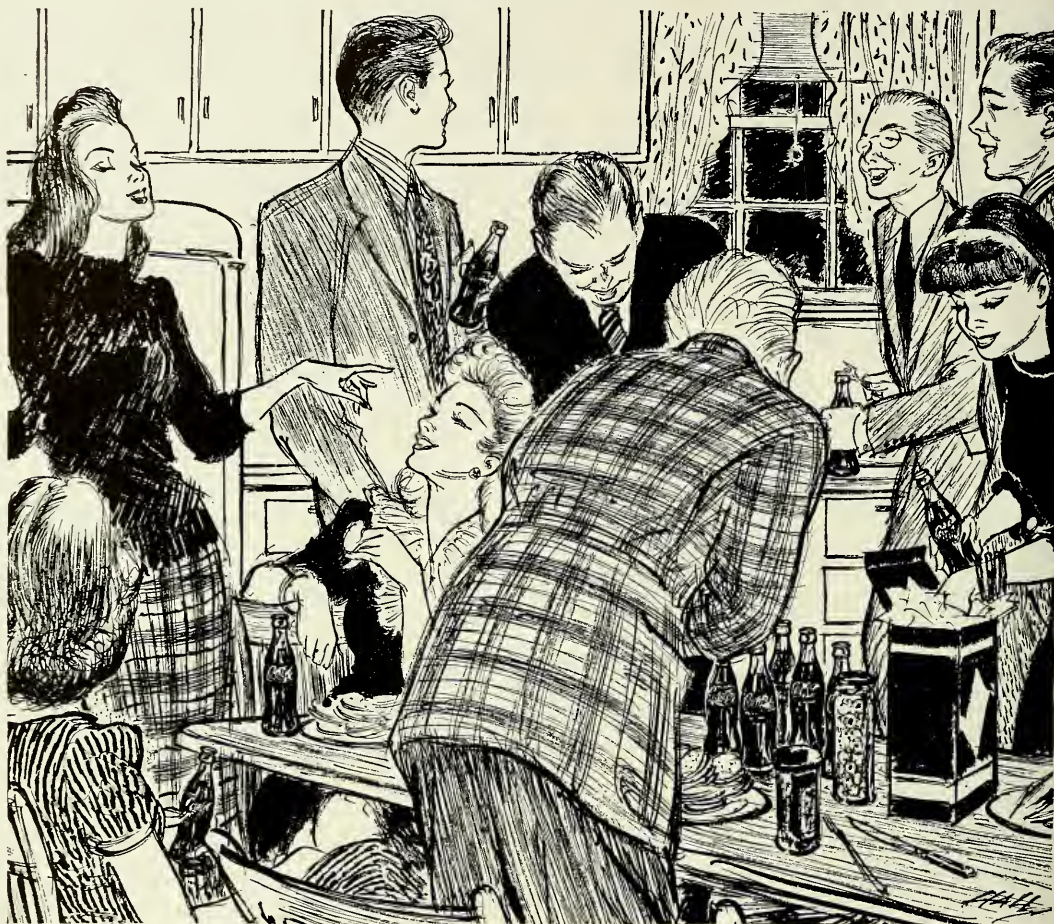


# The Colonnade



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# The Colonnade

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

VOL VII

FEBRUARY

NO. 2

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# Over the Editor's Shoulder . . .

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Although it's rather late in the month, the Colonnade staff takes this chance to wish all you readers a very Happy New Year in 1945. And to start the new year off right, we have for you the prize-winning poems of the poetry contest sponsored by The Colonnade. The "winnah and still champeen" is Betty Deuel Cook, with her poem "To A Yellow Kitten" . . . Our congratulations, Betty! (We hear, incidentally, that the kitten in question was one of our own "Calico's" chillun.) Our congratulations too, to Margaret Harvie and Janice Wells for their prize winners.

We were mighty glad to receive contributions for this issue from two of our alumnae. Virginia Kent Sedgley, class of '43, turns to the serious side in her article, Germany After the War, which might help many of us to clearer thinking on that point. Our other contribution comes in the form of poetry and an illustration from Jeanne Strick, class of '44.

As a special feature, we are presenting articles from two of our very Southern neighbors. Julia Braga's Sketches of Brazil and Virginia Naylor's Panamanian Fiesta give us a brief glimpse of life in those Pan-American countries. Julia has just been on our campus for a year, and in that short time she has developed quite a touch with her pen writing in the English language. Our hats are off to her! . . . With the coming of Mardi Gras, we welcome an authentic picture of that season in Panama by Virginia Naylor. (Here's a chance to get some pointers for your Mardi Gras costume!)

Just a reminder . . . When you feel that you would like to turn in some material for the magazine, (we say, hopefully!) please give it to any member of the staff, or drop it in the Colonnade Box underneath the auditorium bulletin board. This year, to date, we've garnered one poem and thirteen chapel excuses from its depths. (P. S.—We did slip the c. e.'s. into their proper box!) So gather up those essays, poems, and what have you, that we know lots of you have written, and turn them in to The Colonnade. Remember, it's your magazine!

Jane Knapp



# TO A YELLOW KITTEN ...

BETTY DEUEL COCK

*First Prize Winner*

You bright-eyed rogue!  
Who gave you thus  
Permission to abide with us,  
And make our lives revolve about  
Your wishes?

Why, I've not a doubt  
But that you think yourself a Prince!  
So proud . . . so eager to convince  
Us that you rule our household so,  
(As you do, we full-well know.)  
I've watched your princely gait 'across  
The floor; I've seen you scornfully toss  
Such withering glances at any one  
Who offers you unprincely fun!  
You would disdain a dangling string;  
A bouncing ball; the usual thing  
A normal kitten would adore!  
A *catnip* mouse? your favorite bore!  
Ah, yes, we see, Sir Kitten, that  
You are a pure Aristocrat!

But once I caught you!  
Soundly sleeping in a chair,  
And silent footsteps brought me there  
Beside you, where I paused a bit;  
So soft and tiny were you, it  
Seemed quite a shame to do to you  
The thing I was about to do.  
But I did!

In great delight  
I pounced, and screeched with all my  
might!  
You leaped before you woke, it seemed,  
And I'd accomplished what I'd schemed;  
Your royal air for once un-manned . . .  
And I, for once, held upper hand!

Your fur, so smooth, was bristling now,  
And you achieved a fierce "mee-ow!"  
Your amber eyes so clear and bright  
Were baby eyes, and wide with fright.  
But Princely still, your ears lay back  
Against your head, nor did you lack  
The courage that a Prince should show  
To face what e'er had scared you so.

And I repented; took you on  
My lap and stroked your fur. A yawn  
Convinced me that your cool disdain  
And pure complacence would remain,  
And you would ne'er admit to me  
That you'd disgraced your royalty.

I said no word.  
You purred a bit to make it clear  
That no hard feelings would appear,  
Then with a look that spoke no wrath  
You stalked away . . . and took your  
bath!



PR



*Hand on the banister, she was on the landing  
when he entered the hall*

ANN MASLOFF

CANDY ran in breathless from the yard. Lou's heart filled with tenderness at the sight of her. She felt warm and helpless, protective and powerful all at once.

"Mommy, Wade dave me dis wing when he bwrought de seeds. Look!" She fairly squealed with pleasure and little-girlishness. Lou took the proffered object from the chubby fingers.

"How lovely, darling. Did you thank him for it?"

"Uh huh. He said to dive it to you t' keep for me till my finders det bigger." She looked up at Lou with trusting, expecting eyes. Lou had always said Candy's eyes reminded her of big black cherries—the kind she used to pick from Granny's big tree in the west field, when she was a child. She could not quite understand why she suddenly felt like holding her little girl close to her, why tears lurked so close behind her eyelids. With unwonted earnestness she answered her. "I'll put it away for you, darling. And when you get to be a big girl, you may wear it."

She kissed her and pinned back a straggling yellow curl. Candy skipped toward the door, drumming her fingers along the edge of the kitchen table as she passed it. At the door she suddenly paused. "Oh, I fordoot. Wade taid he taw Daddy buying some wed flowers dis mornin'." She was gone, gone to resume her solitary game of make-believe housekeeping under the willows by the pond. Through the kitchen window Lou watched her go. "Wed flowers," she had said. Then Alex had remembered! How wrong she had been to think he had changed. He always seemed preoccupied, tired, or too busy to be so wonderfully attentive as he always had been she'd thought. Red flowers. Roses, certainly. He remembered after all. What man wouldn't

have changed a trifle with added responsibilities such as Alex had acquired with his promotion to be head engineer? But he'd remembered! Her heart skimmed across the distant tree tops with her eyes, to the blue expanse beyond. Blue. That's what she'd wear tonight for him. Once more she was the pampered girl of twenty that had spoiled Alex's drive on the ninth hole six years before. She enjoyed reveling in the delight, the glorious sensations aroused by memories of her courtship. He was so handsome, dark, and broad-shouldered. "The answer to all my dreams," she had told her Mother at the time. They didn't wait long. Three months after the golf links' episode they were married. "Why, it was on a day like this," she thought suddenly. She had worn blue and Lana had been her only attendant. Then followed the two struggling years. And she grew up in those two years. Her metamorphosis from the girl to woman occurred then. Now, with a sad little smile, she recalled how only her great devotion to Alex prevented their having many catastrophes. The third year of their marriage, little Cadence made her appearance. She had been named Cadence for her paternal grandmother; Candy, she was called. Lou never could forget how happy they were to have Candy. An instantaneous admiration sprang up between father and daughter, one which had not diminished in the least. When Alex was away on road trips, Lou found comfort and companionship in her small daughter. She had always consciously reminded Candy of Alex when he was away. Sometimes she reproached herself for idealizing him. Six years together! Six happy years. There had been no doubt in her mind except for these past few weeks. Idiotic. That's what she was! Her foolish, happy heart beat a steady stac-

*(Turn page, please)*

cato in her breast when she thought of her secret. She would tell him tonight. She espied Candy trotting toward the summer-house, audibly talking to herself in her make-believe world. "My precious baby, Candy," sang Lou's heart. "You'll have that little brother soon."

She crossed the kitchen to get the baking dish. Her eyes paused upon her crystal goblet Mark had accidentally cracked at her dinner party the night before. "What a dinner party that turned out to be," thought Lou. "Lana was positively icy toward Mark! The food seemed to be the only decent thing, animate or inanimate, around. And Alex was a trifle sharp, too," she hesitatingly reminded herself.

She called Candy and gave her her dinner.

"When's Daddy tummin'?" Candy asked, dark cheery eyes bright and wide.

"He'll be a little late tonight, darling. He'll come up and kiss you after I tuck you in," Lou said. She felt so warm and close to Candy tonight. An unexpected thought from an obscure corner of her being raced electrically through her then. "How good it is for a woman to have daughters. Girls are so comforting and understanding. Close to their mother. I want all girls," she guiltily whispered to herself.

Ringlet head thrown back, cherub mouth rimmed with prunes, Candy replied, "I'm donna tow him de wing."

Lou picked up the ring and Candy simultaneously.

"Up you go for your bath and bed, my princess," she said. She squeezed her bundle of sweet humanity against her.

"Daddy dot de flowr's?" asked Candy, cherry eyes piercing.

"Maybe so," laughed Lou. She was nervous, for she wanted to be dressed in her blue and waiting for Alex when he came. She glanced at the clock as she bathed the chattering Candy. "He'll be here in fifteen minutes I know," she thought.

Tucked in her bed, the newly acquired ring on the bedside table in full view, Candy sleepily talked to her mother about the fascinating object and make-believe friends. Lou feared she incoherently answered her. She had heard his car in the drive. She

smoothed the blue dress and nervously gave her hair a last pat. Womanlike, she returned once more to the mirror before going downstairs. "Alex," sweetly whirled in her brain.

Hand on the bannister, she was on the landing when he entered the hall. She seemed drenched with love and yearning. "Hello, dearest," she quietly called. He looked up laconically, as he threw his hat on the chair. He said nothing, but met her at the front of the stairs and took her hands. "Lou," he enchantingly said. His eyes, Candy's eyes, veiledly smiled. She reached up and kissed him. "Where are the flowers?" something naggingly said within her. "Why doesn't he compliment your dress?" it continued.

"Alex, darling, we'll be ready to eat in a moment. Why don't you run up and tell Candy goodnight before she drops off to sleep?"

"All right." His voice seemed muffled. "What's wrong with Alex?" she thought, alarmed. "He has changed. Something is wrong!" Gone was the exhilarating delight. It was difficult for her to arrange the table; her hands refused to move rapidly. She was conscious of a little ache settling around her heart and darkening her spirits. A terrifying thought then pierced her whirlpool of doubts and fears, shocking her to sound sensibility. "Alex doesn't love me. That's what's wrong. He loves someone else!" Inevitably a host of fears filled her mind. She tortured herself into believing that all the misunderstood and strange little actions of the past weeks, pointed to this one certain conclusion. Why had she been so blind? He had been trying to tell her in countless ways that he no longer loved her. "But I love him!" righteously screamed her soul. She wiped away her tears with an effort and called him.

The meal began silently. Alex was visibly perturbed, struggling for something to say. "Why don't you tell me, Alex?" the monotonous thought beat in her brain. She dreaded having to converse aimlessly while something silently, slowly died within her. She thought of Candy blissfully asleep above. In her tragic aloneness she automat-

*Continued on Page 9*

# Sketches of Brazil

## At "Vol. D'OISEAU"

MARIA JULIA BRAGA

I am not asking for a place in the great arena of journalism where the strong fighters of genius battle with the ferocious clashing of ideas.

I am coming from the remote lands of South America only to bring you, my new friends of America, the democratic and fraternal handshake of the Brazilian youth. I am only wishing to bring a better understanding between the two great countries of North and South America. I am only wishing to cooperate with the people of the Americas in their effort to make our countries better known to each other, and to help in this way to develop a Pan-American ideal of loyalty and strong friendship. I have come to your free America to share with your youth the education, customs, and life of your country.

When my English becomes better, I promise to tell you of the greatness, and also of the imperfections of my country, which, I hope, you will admire as much as I admire and love your great Fatherland—the pioneer of liberty in the new world.

I have no words to express how glad I am to be in the United States of America and to have the privilege of enjoying your kind hospitality and your agreeable companionship. I offer to you my sincere friendship, and I hope that you will not deny to me, a Brazilian girl, a small place in your great heart.

But I must tell you something about my country. When I came to the States, I was very much surprised to find out that many people thought that the most of the population of Brazil is composed of Indians, and that we still retain some of their customs. One day in one of my classes, we had to read a book in which the author said that most of the population of South America is composed of Indians. I thought that too, was strange, because I had had to come

to the States to see my first Indian. Also, some months ago a very distinguished lady made a speech at S. T. C., my new home, about Brazil. She said that the population of Brazil is composed of Portuguese, Negroes, Spaniards, Dutch, Germans, etc.

I, respectfully, beg permission not to agree with her. The population of Brazil is composed of Brazilians. Of course, we have big colonies, the population of which is made up largely of Portuguese, Italians, Syrians, Spaniards, and Germans. We still have some Indians also, but not many. It is interesting to note that those foreign people who live in Brazil wish to be Brazilians, but they are not. So great is their desire to be Brazilians that they take offense, if one calls them Portuguese, Spanish, or Syrian. Of course, there is an exception—the Germans. With a few exceptions, their sons though born in Brazil, still desire to call themselves Germans. I disagree also with the statement the distinguished lady made, when she said that we in Brazil form our ideas about the American people by what we see in movies, and that we think of them as gangsters, free lovers, etc. That is not correct! Just a few illiterate people form their ideas of Americans that way. We know that young people in the States have much more freedom than we do in Brazil. But we in Brazil know much more about the States than you know about Brazil. That is natural. We need you, you don't need us.

The modern Brazil is quite different from what many people think it is. To understand my country you should know and see its beauties. You should see the modern Brazil with its modern cities, beaches, night clubs, theaters, colleges, etc. Please don't think that Brazil is just the country of coffee, samba, and Carmen Mir-

(Turn page, please)

## THE COLONNADE

anda. She is much more than that. She is the largest country of South America, and the world's greatest coffee producer. Really, Brazil is a wonderful country, and I am sure that in the near future, she will be one of the most powerful countries in the world because of her great mineral resources. Of course, in the central part of Brazil there are many small towns, because the interior part has not yet been explored. Rio de Janeiro, the capital, is the most beautiful city in Brazil, and its Guanabara Bay is known as being the most wonderful harbor in the world.

The northern part of Brazil isn't so highly developed as the southern part. But, very soon, it will be developed and modern. Now that the Americans are working down there, everything is changing noticeably day by day. Even our old customs are changing. But in some parts of Brazil, especially in the Northern part, we still cling to our old customs. We girls don't have as much freedom as you American girls (especially in the matter of dating).

In the States you have your dates; you go to a dance; you go riding with your boy friend, and you don't have to take anybody along with you as a chaperon. In my country it is quite different, especially in the Northern part where I come from. There, everywhere we go, we have to be chaperoned. It is true that we go unchaperoned to the movies in the afternoon with our best boy-friend, but never at night. And we never, never, go to a dance just with our boy-friend. By the way, in the States a boy sends flowers to his girl when they are going to a dance. The Brazilian boys don't do that. I don't think I ever received an orchid from a Brazilian boy. It is probably because orchids down in my country are like grass up here—they grow wild.

Another thing I should like to mention is your good night kiss. Some of you American girls are used to kissing your date good night, sometimes you kiss him the first time you date him. We Brazilians don't. We never, never kiss a boy before we know each other very well. And rarely do we kiss a boy before we are engaged. The kiss with us is more sacred than it is with you.

Another noticeable difference between

our customs and yours is the difference in the freedom and rules in colleges. In our colleges in Brazil, we can't date, we can't go out to go to the movies or go shopping, and it is very seldom that we have a dance at college. It is probably because most of our colleges are Catholic. In some colleges we can go out every week-end, but in some of them we can't go out but twice a month. And when our grades aren't good or when we break rules, we have a call down, as you say, and we are "campused." That means that we can't go out during that particular month. By the way, our school term begins in March and ends in December. In June we have fifteen days of vacation. Later we have three months of vacation—from December till March.

Somehow, the American boys who are stationed down there are changing some of our old customs too fast to suit our parents. Till recently, the relationship between Brazil and the States had been chiefly between bankers, diplomats, and film-sellers. But now we have the privilege of having in our country thousands of your boys—soldiers, sailors, engineers, aviators, officers. And our friendship grows more and more each day. Because they are in our country, we feel closer to the States, and so, we are beginning to understand each other better. We, especially the girls, love having your boys in our country. Sometimes they almost drive us girls crazy. We also have changed somewhat the attitude of American boys toward certain things. A very good example is in relation to the Negroes in Brazil. First of all, I must tell you that in my country we don't have as many Negroes as you think we do. In my opinion, within a century, we will have no real Negroes in Brazil. Approximately, the general anthropological composition of the Brazilian people may be said to be as follows: White—60 per cent, Mulattos—20 per cent, Cabaclos—10 per cent, Negroes—8 per cent, Indians—2 per cent.

In the early days the Portuguese and Spanish men, generally, married the black girls, and their sons are what we call "Mulatto." The "Mulatto" is generally a person with the complexion of a white man, but with dark hair and dark skin. The "mulatto"

very seldom marries a black girl, for it is his wish to become white. In many cases, however, a white man marries a black girl, but very very seldom, does a white woman marry a black man. In Brazil, if a Negro is well-educated, and has good manners, he is allowed to go anywhere, even in the highest social position.

Many of your boys have arrived in Brazil full of feeling against the negroes, the "Mulattos." But with others, after they have been there a while, this feeling disappears, because of the kind treatment they receive from these mixed races! I know personally some of the boys from your Southern States where this feeling against colored people was intense. These same boys have written to their parents or relatives enthusiastic letters praising the Brazilian way of treating colored people. In many Brazilian homes I have seen your American soldiers sitting as if in the homes of old friends and learning each from the other

his language. There they learn to know the worth of each other.

The negroes in Brazil, as well as the white people, have the same professional and educational advantages. But when it comes to the social part, and to marriage, it is very different. I don't want you to get the idea that I or any other white Brazilian girl would date a colored boy even though marriage of a white person to a colored one is not against the law in Brazil. For that matter, it is not against the law in some of the States in the United States, is it?

But I am abusing of your kindness by writing too much. I came from Brazil to represent my country, to bring a better understanding to the youth of the two great countries, and to cooperate in the development of the Pan-American friendship. Our troops are already fighting together, to smash totalitarianism so that we may have a world of Justice, Fraternity, and Equality.

---

## Prelude

*Continued from Page 6*

ically turned to her little daughter. She was right about girls, she wildly surmised.

Alex was speaking. She watched his white teeth gleam between his partially parted lips. She watched him fascinated. She seemed to be afar off. She didn't hear what he said.

"Do you hear me, Lou?" he asked sharply, breaking the illusion. "Dammit, this is hard enough for me to tell! I wish you'd help me," he falteringly said. His eyes, pleaded with her.

"He's trying to tell me," she thought, foolishly smiling.

"It's Lana, Lou. She hounds me night and day. She won't give me a minute's peace—say's she's in love with me. Of all the damn stupid females! I told her to marry Mark and quit acting like a damned fool. You know I love you, Lou? I told her too." The difficult, tortured, jumbled words

spilled out. He got up and approached her chair. Lou arose. Something intangible, happy and alive began to flow through her again.

"That vain, vacant Lana," he groaned, taking her in his arms. He was trying to tell her why he had seemed remote, different these last weeks.

"Understand?" she answered his last query, "Oh Alex, dearest, I love you!" The words were stifled against his shoulder. Washed away were the stupid fears. Washed away was the miserable alone feeling.

What was he saying? "Blue dress, Alex? Oh yes, darling, it's for you," she remembered.

"Wait a minute!" he exclaimed. Boyishly he called through the door, "I forgot your roses in the car!"

# Beside the Ocean

HELEN D. SAVAGE

FROM the backdrop of a strip of land studded with evergreens and called the Eastern Shore of Virginia, the ocean touches and reaches far out. Waves pound against the shore with the same rhythm over and over again. Each whitecap rises and folds under to come up again another wave. The sun rising in the east casts its soft rays on the rolling ocean. Reflections make the water sparkle as the stars that twinkle in the blue skies. As far as the eye can see, the ocean spreads on and on making shores and fields in the background seem calm beside the ocean which so often changes its mood. Waves wash the sand with the incoming and outgoing tide. Not too quiet, for the under-current is strong and proves its power by washing ashore great pieces of driftwood or parts of ships wrecked at sea.

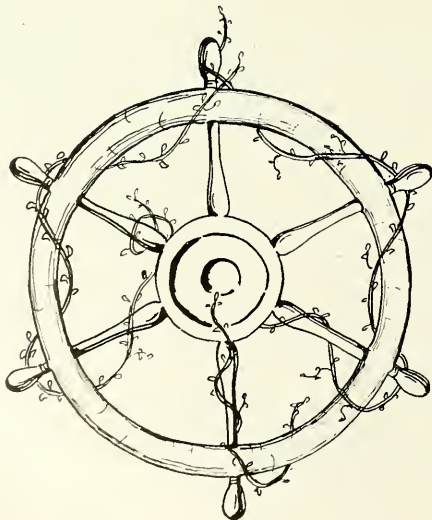
Sea gulls fly gaily about in the crisp, fresh morning air. Over on the left one darts under the water to catch a fish for his morning meal. The gulls skim through the air with wings made silver by the light. A modern clipper flying against the deep

blue sky is a man-made gull high in the heavens.

Finally, the ocean and sky blend together without our knowing where. The view is broken only by a line of battleships half camouflaged by their gray color. Aircraft carriers move back and forth as slowly as the hands on a clock. Planes practice their landings and take-offs, flying upward into the deep and endless heaven.

The ocean is a thing of many moods. On a hot summer day the sky and ocean may clash, for storms at sea aren't infrequent. No longer azure, the heavens become black and the ocean very dark. Lightning seems to separate thunderous clouds and then vanish into the ocean. Fishermen anchor their boats securely as the tide rises and angrily tosses them around. Sometimes waves come "mountain-high," swamping both men and boats. As if in atonement for losing its temper it will become quiet again, and the sun will set between the sky and ocean. Sunset on the water permits one to see the delicate shades and shadows from the sun until the last faint glow fades in the west.

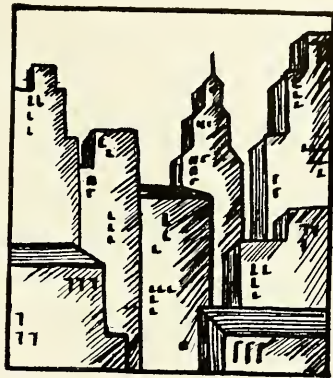
Standing on the dock I feel small and insignificant; so many changes have been made since the first settler came to the Eastern Shore in 1613 and became an interpreter for the unusually friendly Indians. English sloops came in and docked at private wharves during the 1700's. They brought luxuries and necessities from England—even bricks for homes. The Civil War brought the blockade. The marshes promoted possibilities of being caught before reaching open waters and big ships. Pleasure islands and resorts have been turned into East Coast defenses and a guard to the mouth of the Chesapeake Bay. The ocean has left its marks of time, but even so, it gives me a feeling of pride to know my home is safely tucked away in its oaks and maples down beside the ocean.



# SESSIONS

## *The City*

JANE WARING RUFFIN



**Q**UEN in the cold grey of dawn the city is a young girl. Not like Sandburg's city, strong and brawling and gaunt, but a fresh young deb who has turned all her efforts toward winning the war that has caused so many changes in her make-up.

She is slow in waking up, this city is, and from the top stories of the sky scrapers that make her visible on the skyline for many miles, little movement can be perceived within her limits. There are, to be sure, the "swing shifters" who are wending their way slowly homeward through the otherwise almost deserted streets. Too, there are milk wagons completing their rounds as the early signs of morning reach the city. But these are just her slight turnings in bed, her struggle to prolong the night a little.

With accurate timing, the sun rises and the expression of the city is changed, changed from brooding and silence to life and enthusiasm. The empty streets and buildings are suddenly filled with busy, active people, as suddenly as if the flood gates had just been opened. With all the enthusiasm and energy becoming a young deb, the city sets to work and another day is begun.

Life begins almost simultaneously in the outer market sections which are now filled with the early rising country folk, come to sell fresh vegetables, butter and eggs, and in the business districts which are rapidly cluttered with hustling shoppers hastening to a bargain counter and younger men, immaculate and neat, headed for offices of the same caliber. Already the factory people are well on their morning shift as the roar of many motors makes a steady stream of a sort of music. The suburban district is stirring now, as children, faces newly scrubbed and shining, clutch their books and start toward school. Now the older

men, patriarchs of the city, make their way to their offices.

The city is wide awake now. The hours are struck off in a routine manner by the clock on the elaborate tower of the train station and the sound of whistles and wheels announces the incoming trains at frequent intervals. The mad morning rush is over.

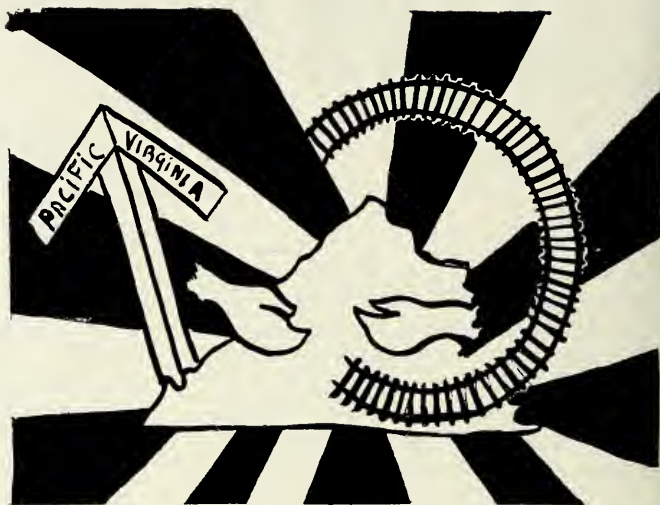
The day wears well on the young deb, but her activity slows a little as the afternoon is spent. Most of the city's movement is transferred to the residential districts. Charwomen alone still prefer the business section and make their way with mops and pails and brooms into the offices in preparation against another day.

But the city is not yet ready to slumber. Let the young deb have some night life! Bright neons twinkle from every store so that it seems she is dressed in sparkling attire for the evening.

Then as night settles over the city, the streets and theaters are deserted and she quiets down for a restful night. The residential district slumbers on. Here and there a late "night owl" finds his way unsteadily home . . . here and there a doctor leaves on an emergency call . . . here and there a questionable character slinks in and out dark alleys and doorways . . . the factory even seems subdued under the influence of the cosmic quiet . . . only the surging crowds in the bus and train stations show that still she lives.

The night is left to its mysteries and beauty, with its darkness, its shadows, its lonely train whistle, with its tired neon lights and an occasional automobile . . . . The young deb sleeps.

# A Door To Which I Found No Key



JANE WARING RUFFIN

TODAY I had a wire from Page's mother, and now I feel free, feel free to tell what I know of the strangest story come out of this war.

Page and I met on the east-bound train late in 1942. I was headed home from a Red Cross assignment in Australia, and her face interested me from the moment I entered the car. She seemed perplexed and troubled, but the seat next to her was taken, and I chose a place next to an Army lieutenant a few seats ahead. It was several hours later in the diner that we actually met. The diner was crowded, and the waiter asked me to share my table. I was most pleased when he brought the girl with the interesting face to join me. I judged her to be under thirty and to have led a full life. She was not pretty; goodlooking, though, and smartly dressed. Her face still showed signs of frustration, and she was plainly nervous.

"I hope you don't mind." Her calm voice belied the look in her eye.

"Really, I'm glad to have company." I smiled my most welcoming smile, and she sat down.

"I'm Page Randolph from--"

"It must be Virginia with a name like that," I interrupted. "I'm from the Old Dominion, too, from Roanoke. Martha Boyd, that's me."

"This is great—two Virginians, and we meet. Richmond's the home base. Know anybody there?" She seemed more at ease, and the dinner conversation was taken care of, since it seemed that we did have a number of friends.

With five days to travel together, we compared berth reservations, and imagine our delight to discover that she had my upper. Before the meal was over, we were old friends; I was calling her Page, and she calling me "Boyd". It was much later that night when I heard the first of her story, a story whose end will never be known. We had lingered too long over our coffee, and I couldn't sleep. Page whispered from the upper berth.

"Boyd. Boyd, are you asleep? May I come down and talk to you for a little while?"

Then in short order we were crowded in my berth, whispering like school girls. She had recently been discharged from the Army Nurses Corps because of a nervous breakdown, and we compared notes on Australia. I think the conversation had reached the point of our both remarking on the extraordinary number of orchids in Australia, a conversation immediately proceeding the silence. It was a rather long silence and I had almost dozed off.

"Boyd, do you know that lieutenant you

## A DOOR TO WHICH I FOUND NO KEY

were sitting by earlier tonight?" There was a strange note in her voice.

"Nope, but I'll meet him tomorrow if you're interested. He's headed for Virginia, too, and if I know my accents right, he's a Southerner. Why?"

"Oh, nothing. Never mind. He just sort of reminded me of someone I once knew." The note in her voice had become urgent, desperate, and I waked up.

"Want to talk about it, hon?" My years teaching school and with the Red Cross helped place that note as one that needed more "talking about it".

She was silent for a few minutes, but I was wide awake again.

"If you don't mind listening. But I may cry." Even then she was struggling with a sob.

She began her story with a few remarks about her early life. She had been reared on a farm outside Richmond. My impressions of her early life were confirmed when I later met her parents and visited in her home.

"There never was such a life. It was full — full of beauty and happiness and good people and good times. It was a simple life—none of us had much money, but we all had a zest for living." I wish I could remember all the things she said about that life on the James River farm in the years between the wars. It was a picture that has remained etched on my memory.

"I guess I'll remember the houseparties most of all," Page said. "It was on one of these that I met my husband."

Husband! Had there been a light on, she would have seen a look of surprise on my face.

"He was from Roanoke," she went on. "Perhaps you knew him—Jim Randolph."

Of course I knew Jim Randolph! I had gone through high school with him. He was the first of our class to be drafted, to go overseas, the first to be killed. I said that I had known him, and she went on with her story.

"I was a senior in college," she said. "And Jim was a senior at Princeton, a classmate of John Rogers, our next-door neighbor. It was John's houseparty at Christmas. I guess it was love at first sight,

but we decided to wait, and I went in training. We were married in June, 1940."

She hesitated, and I waited.

"We lived in Richmond. There were never two happier people. Jim was beginning his law practice, and life was all anyone could ask. We even considered it a lark when Jim was drafted, in the summer of '41. He looked so wonderful in his uniform, and his practice was just waiting for his year's training to be over. We were so blind. We never dreamed there would really be war."

And then war came, I thought. And Jim was killed. Poor child. I felt almost motherly, though she could have been less than a year younger than I.

"Jim was sent to the Pacific soon after Pearl Harbor," Page related. "But life had been so good to us, we knew he'd be back, and that we'd have a chance at that family we'd planned. When the telegram came saying he had been killed, I couldn't believe it. But the bottom just dropped out of everything. And I had to do something. So I went back to nursing, joined the Army, and asked for the Pacific. I was going to search the jungles for Jim."

She had been assigned to the Philippines, and without her telling me I knew she had done a beautiful job.

"All went well," Page said. "I liked the work. It was horrible, of course, but I felt that I was having some part in the war, out there putting pieces of bodies back together after the Japs had done their devilish work. But I never gave up looking for Jim. I knew I must find him, that he couldn't be dead, and I looked twice at every blond officer in the Philippines. Then one day, I was sent in the special cases ward on an errand. And there was Jim. I know it was he. I couldn't be mistaken. But he showed no signs of recognition, and the Army discipline held me back. Of course, I looked up the soldier's record, and I was more convinced. He had been brought in, half dead, all memory gone, and his dog tags shot from around his neck."

Page was crying unrestrainedly now, and I let her cry. After a while she continued. "He was badly battered—one arm

*(Turn page, please)*

## THE COLONNADE

missing, and his neck blown to bits. The doctor had done a marvelous job of plastic surgery, but he was still in bad shape. And no means of positive identification. I talked to everyone in authority that I could contact, but with no success. He had been brought in after one terrible day nearly six months before, and the dates coincided. I knew it was Jim, and I couldn't do a thing about it."

It took her a long time to tell the rest of the story. How all through the early months of 1942 she worked, and as his health improved, tried every means of identifying him. Then they sent him back to the States, and she could not even trace him. They had given him some name when he landed in California, but her hands were tied. Under the strain of it all she broke. And after a complete collapse, she was sent home. And now, three months later, she thought she saw him on the train, and couldn't even get a good look. It was dreadfully late when she finished and she was so worn out that I gave her a sedative and crawled in the upper berth to finish the night.

In the morning I hastily sought the lieutenant, but I couldn't tell him Page's story, and I wasn't smart enough to find out much. I did find out his name, Conrad Evans, and his destination, Norfolk. He was being discharged, he said, and was going to Norfolk to do some sort of government work in logistics. I tried to look at his hand, but he carefully kept one by his side, and even when I asked for a match, he deftly lit my cigarette with one hand.

But Page refused to get interested. She did consent to talk to him, finally, but it did no good. She was so nervous, so eager, and yet so dubious about everything. I don't think I ever believed with Page that Jim was still alive. The Army doesn't report people dead unless they are pretty darned sure, and even her argument about the missing dog tags on the amnesia patient she had become interested in didn't stir me. And she definitely needed a new interest in life. That was the excuse I gave myself for suddenly planning a houseparty at Virginia Beach for Christmas, and for immediately inviting both Conrad and Page. Page said

"No" very definitely, but Conrad was interested, and after two days of persuasion, she gave in.

I triumphantly watched their friendship grow. I listened to both sides of the story. Page saw more resemblance to her Jim in Conrad every day, and her spirits rose whenever they were together. We still knew but very little about Conrad after the houseparty, but it was a success. When Page found out that he had been in the Pacific, she decided that Conrad and Jim were one and the same in spite of the difference in their appearance. Over a year had passed before she discovered quite accidentally that the whole framework of his face was plastic surgery. She called me long distance to Washington that night.

"Boyd, can you come? I must see you. I know that Conrad is Jim. I know it. And I don't know what to do."

And so I went. We went over everything we knew about Conrad, which after twelve months was still little. He claimed no family connections. He said he had been raised "here and there", which was no help at all. I called Page nineteen kinds of a fool.

"If you love the guy, marry him. Or ask him if he is Jim. How much of your story does he know?"

"Little more than I know about his. That my husband was killed. And he wouldn't know if he were Jim, if he is."

"Well, anyway, lay your cards on the table."

"Boyd, I can't, I just can't."

"Then I'll do it."

Telling Conrad was the hardest job I've ever tackled. But the results were gratifying.

"And she thinks I am Jim. To tell the God's truth, Boyd, I don't know. I'm a lost soul. My earliest memory at this point is coming to on the ship. They told me I was Conrad Evans and that I was going home. And I can't find a thing about me. I love Page. I want to marry her. But I have no right to ask her, and if she knew this, she could have no right to accept. Now she thinks I'm just a tight-mouthed guy who keeps his affairs prior to our meeting to himself. She doesn't know this. You are the

## A DOOR TO WHICH I FOUND NO KEY

first person I've told. Perhaps I *am* Jim. Is there anyway to find out?"

His confession had floored me. Another amnesia patient. Or was he the same one? It was too complicated for me. Anyway, when Page heard the story it strengthened her conviction. We tried everything. Army headquarters did all they could. Jim's sister met Conrad, but she couldn't be sure. Psychologists and psychiatrists couldn't help.

In September, just two months ago, I went down to Richmond to visit Page, and she told me that she and Conrad had decided that he *was* Jim, and anyway that they were going to be remarried. It was too complicated for me, but it seemed an excellent solution. If he were or weren't Jim, they were suited for one another and they seemed destined for happiness.

Today was their wedding day. Duties here kept me away, and they had a simple service in Page's home. All morning I couldn't keep my mind on my work for thinking

about them, wishing them all the luck and happiness in the world. They both deserved it: they had both had bad breaks.

Just three hours ago the Western Union boy brought me a telegram. I expected a cheery message from the bride and groom. I knew they were going to Mountain Lake for a few days and I could see them, beaming like a couple of kids.

But Mrs. Carter's message didn't read like that. It said simply, "Page and Conrad were killed in an automobile wreck near the train station not ten minutes after the service."

Fate must have had it in for those two. It seems a little cold on my part to write so personal a story so soon, but I think of it constantly. In a few hours I'm going to Richmond. The newspapers will all tell the facts they can get about the two, but these are the things the newspapers won't know. Somewhere must lie the key to unlock the mystery, but it is lost forever.

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## Overheard Around Campus...

—Betty Cock is sure there's always a man in the conversation, even if it's just the weather-man.

\*\*\*\*\*

—A sleepy girl, roped in for a fourth of bridge, was asked to cut the cards—"Well, pass me the knife," she mumbled.

\*\*\*\*\*

—One gal, who doesn't even smoke, says it may be Luckies two to one, but she'd walk a mile for a Camel—if *Don* were smoking it!

\*\*\*\*\*

### THE PERFECT ANSWER:

—Dr. Moss was lecturing in his economics class one day, when he noticed a student asleep on the back row. Pausing in his lecture, he smiled and said, "I guess you're all so bored by this time, that you feel like screaming. Don't you Miss——?" The startled student, waking in time to hear the question, brightly agreed, "Oh, yes—sir!"

\*\*\*\*\*

—Did you turn over a new leaf this year, or are you still on the same page?

—Last Summer's War Job—Telephone Operator  
(Composed in the line of duty, July 1, 1944)

I think that I shall never see  
An operator dumb as me,  
An operator so hard pressed  
She never heard of food or rest,  
A girl who looks at plugs all day  
And tries to think of things to say;  
A girl who may in Pickett wear  
A set of earphones in her hair,  
Poems are made by fools like me,  
But now I know how Hell must be!

—Helen D. Savage

\*\*\*\*\*

—Apologies to Wordsworth, but we heard one girl say:

My heart leaps up when I behold  
A car go flashing by! Period!

\*\*\*\*\*

—Mr. May's small daughter told her mother that she wasn't going to get married when she grew up, she thought she'd just be a college girl!—  
(ouch!!!)

# MAGNIFYING



A.—Sky-gazer Sue . . . Mind in the clouds . . . Her heart with HIM . . . "Back Home for Keeps" on the wall . . . Her hopes on the future . . . All because she "wears a pair of silver wings."

C.—Glamour Gail . . . That "dream" she met last week . . . New hair-do . . . Junk jewelry . . . Shopping trips . . . She's impartial to the Army, the Navy, and the Marines.



E.—Sleepy-time Sal . . . Bull sessions . . . Bridge . . . Midnight feasts . . . Then the alarm . . . Trench coat and 'kerchief . . . Roommate's pencil . . . and swish! Need we add? She's late to class.

# OBSESSIONS

*B.—Busy Bea . . . Running around in circles . . . Busy "daze" . . . Colonnade meeting at 4 . . . Committee meeting at 4:30 . . . Class at 4:50 . . . She'll cut classes because she's majoring in extra curricular activities.*



*D.—Athletic Alma . . . Gym socks . . . Tennis racquet . . . Hockey sticks . . . the Pool . . . et cetera . . . et cetera . . . et cetera . . . But she's a good sport even when her class doesn't win the Color Cup.*

*F.—S. T. C. Special . . . Baggy sweater . . . a favorite skirt . . . comfortable loafers . . . anklets (we wouldn't think of calling them "bobby sox") . . . and a brand new silver hair clamp that no one else can borrow 'cause our name is right there for everyone to see!*



# *A Fairy World*

MARGARET C. HARVIE

*Second Prize Winner*

Frosty whispers tell me  
'Tis a fairy world tonight!  
A still, white, fairy magic  
Strews diamonds in delight.

Against the night's black ceiling  
Frost-fires are burning bright  
And strange, frozen branches  
Gleam in the breathless night.

Listen! hush, and listen!  
The silence, still and white!  
How high my heart is beating!  
'Tis a fairy world tonight.

## I SAW THE NIGHT

JANICE G. WELLS

*Duel Decision,*

*Third Prize Winner*

As I in wordless wonder watched  
The busy world grow still,  
I saw the grandeur of the night  
Unfold around a hill.

In soundless solitude it came  
As if on velvet feet  
To robe the world in mystic black—  
In mystic silence sweet.

I saw the stars break through the dark  
Like flames of phantasy,  
Unrolling there a drama old—  
Displaying a phosphoric sea.

All this I saw—then saw it go  
Like some unfinished symphony—  
It broke into a realm of peace  
And sank into eternity.

## THE INVULNERABLE SEA

The sea crept up along the shore,  
Throwing its pebbles upon the sand  
To wake the peaceful dreamy land,  
Then returned with a thunderous roar.

The furious shore sent up a cry  
And fought back with a raging wind,  
But the sea last night was riding high  
And it fought right back again.

The cruel crashing waves lashed at their  
foe:  
They beat and tore and beat some more  
Against the defenseless, defeated shore.  
Victorious, they left—left the land crushed  
low.

# PANAMANIAN FIESTA

VIRGINIA NAYLOR

IT is the last of February and the week before Lent has finally arrived. Everyone is in a festive mood as it is Monday morning and the Panamanian "Mardi Gras" will soon hold full sway.

The open shops along the narrow streets are displaying gaudy costumes and grotesque masks. Modists and tailors are hurriedly putting the final touches to gorgeous costumes which have been on order for months. On huge vacant lots workmen are hammering away on the construction of the "Toldos" which are dancing platforms that sometimes cover an entire block. By that night each toldo will be decorated and hung with softly colored lights. Crowds of people from the streets, all in holiday mood and motley costumes will rush from one toldo to the other crying an "hola" to friends and dancing to native music.

The intense noonday sun has passed its height. Excited crowds are beginning to mingle in the streets and on the overhanging balconies waiting expectantly for the great parade which announces that the fiesta is underway. Then, beautiful floats appear, majestically moving through the streets and a great clamor rends the air as a favorite one passes. Old and young shout, "Que linda" and toss long streamers of brightly colored serpentine onto the float. The music of a marimba band herald the approach of the most spectacular float—that of the queen of the city. The queen is chosen from the elite Spanish of the city and is, of course, a beautiful brunette with flashing black eyes. She is sitting on the throne high above her court ladies and is smiling and waving to the throngs of exuberant spectators who line the streets and lean out over the balconies. As the last float passes, the marimba music fades to an echo and the shouting, milling crowds scatter to dress for the evening's fun.

By twilight the streets are again filled with people, but this time the very atmosphere is such that it could be a different city entirely. Senoritas run gaily from door to door holding the brilliantly colored and spangled full skirts of their costumes. They cry to each other in their rapid Spanish, admiring the costumes. Entire families from great-grandmother to three year old "Catetas" excitedly scramble into horse drawn "carrametas" and ride through the streets to the already crowded ballrooms or outside toldos.

At the dance each family is clustered together. Families who long have been enemies forget differences in this joyous holiday setting, and chat gaily over the noisy din of Spanish music and fast-flowing chatter. Demure señoritas, black eyes glowing, lower their eyelashes and smile flirtatiously over their pictured fans. They are playing this gay game with the nonchalant caballeros in gallant costumes with shiny black dancing shoes.

Soon everyone is dancing to the irresistible Spanish rhythms of marcas, timblas, and native drums.

Near midnight the queen and her court arrive at the dance. Laughing and breathless the dancing couples leave the floor to watch the queen and her court dance the "tamborita." All of the lights go out and only low murmur of voices is discernible. Then on the dance floor flickering candlelight pierces the darkness. Soon there are over 200 candles flickering in six rows down the length of the room. With a beat of the drum the music starts, and the queen, the court, and their escorts begin the intricate steps of the "tamborita". Dancing lightly and gracefully they whirl in and out between the candles but never does a lady's skirt brush against the flames. The twinkl-

## PANAMANIAN FIESTA



ing candlelight makes the couples appear fairy-like, casting shadows on their faces, catching the sparkle in their dark eyes, flashing on escorts' gleaming black shoes, and shining on the gleaming jewels worn in the hair and around the ladies' throats. Faster and faster they dance until the candles' flames seem to follow them in motion. With a final shake of the Maracas the dance is over. The lights go on. The onlookers rush to the floor shouting "Viva la Reina" (long live the queen!) and tossing bouquets of vivid tropical flowers. The queen and court cry merry greetings and midst showers of flowers hurry out into waiting cars to the

next toledo where they will repeat the performance.

Back on the pavilion a new orchestra strikes up and anxious caballeros hurry to claim their señoritas from their family corners.

The red glow of dawn creeps across the harbor into the city to find tired crowds of merry-makers hurrying home through the murky light of early morning.

The week has just begun. For six more days Panama will wear festive dress, dance 'till dawn, lustily laugh, and lightly love until the cathedral bells chime midnight of Saturday night, and sober Lent begins.

# Germany After the War

VIRGINIA SEDGLEY, '43

HERE is a group of people in the United States that say, "Sterilize the Germans, wipe them from the face of the earth." Those same people pride themselves on being Christians in a democratic nation. They are the same people who so bitterly bewail the fate of the Jews and the Catholics in German-dominated Europe. Yet they have not learned the basic lesson of human society. Hitler has not recognized this principle, a principle of life itself. He cannot see that in destroying others, you too must be destroyed. It is useless to say, "wipe the German race from the face of the earth;" it is futile, it is foolish. They want to eradicate the nation and people that produced Martin Luther, Bach, Wagner, Heine, Kant, and many other great men too numerous to mention.

If we cannot, if we do not destroy Germany, what can we do? This question is of great magnitude. And we face it in the case

of Japan and even Italy as well. There is only one other alternative. We must treat the conquered countries in the light of our Christian faith and our democratic ideals. If we do not, we have failed in life itself.

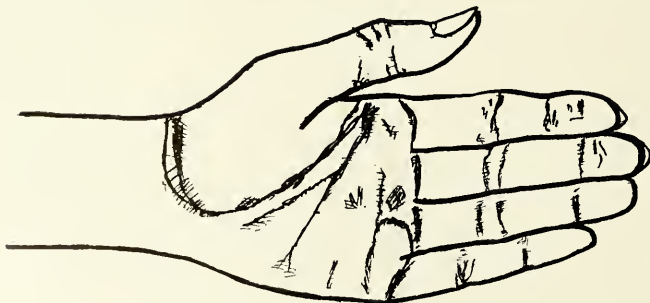
Re-education seems to be the main method. Re-education into a new way of life. The Four Freedoms on an international basis. If the Atlantic Charter and the Four Freedoms are not sincere than what is there left for us to believe? If they were sincere, then Germany must retain her nationality. Political scientists are very definite on the statement that Germany was not ready for a republic in the last war, and that the action of the Allies in 1919 is directly responsible for the war today.

It is up to us as citizens to decide whether or not there will be a re-occurrence of Versailles or whether we are going on into an era of life, liberty and economic security for all men all over the earth.

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## The Jeweler

JEANNE STRICK, '44



I hold out my hand,  
Life's gems to see,

I fondle them carefully  
Which one for me?

I sift out the worst,  
I cling to the best,

I lift out one jewel,  
And let go the rest.

# Defeat Sometimes Means Victory

BEATRICE JONES  
*Honorable Mention in Short Story Contest*

GING-A-LING—a—Kathy's hand automatically shot out and slammed off the alarm. She turned over and snuggled warmly in the covers.

"Mmmm . . . What a wonderful dream I was having—all about Skipper. Yep, but the sad part about it is that his asking me to the Senior Prom, the biggest thrill in any Rusheville gal's life, never will be more than a dream."

"Golly! I've lain here so long that I'll be late for school! Have to rush!"

Rush as she did, Kathy still had Skipper in her uppermost thoughts and hoped, as usual, that today he'd notice her as something more than just a piece of scenery.

Sitting through those first two periods was like eating your vegetables in order to be allowed your dessert, which was, in this case, third period algebra class. Of course, as you might have guessed, algebra class was so very fascinating because it contained Skipper.

When the time finally rolled around, there was Kathy's heart-throb sitting at the desk in front of her. This arrangement was most convenient for this way Kathy could gaze lovingly at Skipper all period long without it being too obvious.

True, Skipper wasn't any Apollo, having a broken nose and reddish hair which could not decide which direction it wanted to go; but didn't he have a most adorable grin and twinkling blue eyes, and wasn't he Rusheville High's star athlete and a "dee-vine" jitterbug besides? The trouble was that Kathy was not the only girl who was attracted by these things. In fact, after a track meet, football, basketball, or baseball game in which Skip, as always, came up with all the honors, he just couldn't be seen for all the hordes of admiring females who gathered about him. This was beginning to make Kathy feel that she never would be anything more to Skipper than the "good ole egg" who worked his algebra, listened patiently to his talk of a new flame, boosted

his ego at all times, and who even served as a last minute date when no one else was available.

"Maybe," thought Kathy, "I'm a dope for not giving up as far as Skip is concerned and should be nicer to George. Poor, dear George. He's such a drip, but after all, he did ask me to the Senior Prom which is a whole month off! 'N when a guy asks a girl to the Prom, that alone means he thinks she's plenty swell, but when he asks her a whole month in advance — well, I guess George thinks I'm the cat's meow! But golly, when it's the wrong guy . . ."

The next day was Saturday, the day everyone looked forward to all football season, for this was the day of the big game—Rusheville versus Clearbrook High. It was tough going as was expected with the score a 7-7 tie at the end of the third quarter, but no one was particularly worried. Skipper wouldn't let the old gang down. But wait—what was going wrong? All wasn't so well after all. Yes, there *was* someone carrying the ball over the goal line, but it was the wrong goal line and a Clearbrook player! The game ended there with a 13-7 defeat for Rusheville and there was Skipper standing all alone, as though dazed.

"He must have been stunned on that last play!" Kathy burst out.

"Humph! Looks like a case of plain over-confidence and bungling to me," remarked a man from behind her.

Being a well-bred girl, Kathy, made no further remark, but merely gave the man a fierce look and made her way through the bleachers onto the field. For the first time she could be the first—and last—to congratulate Skipper for there were no crowds around him today.

As Kathy came up to him, Skip took both her hands in his and smiling that winning smile said, "How's about being my date for the Prom, Kathy?"

Kathy smiled happily and told her heart, "Defeat sometimes means victory."

# MAC'S CRACKS

HELEN MCGUIRE

Customer: "Could I try on that dress in the window?"

Clerk: "We'd much rather you use the dressing room."

—Texas Ranger

—:~::~—

CLIP JOINT—

Drunk (in telephone booth): "Number, hell! I want my peanuts!"

—Wayne Engineer

—:~::~—

"How is your best girl?"

"Oh, they're doing fine."

—Missouri Showme

—:~::~—

"Waiter, bring us two orders of Spumoni Vericelli, please."

"Sorry, sir, but that's the proprietor."

—Silver and Gold

—:~::~—

Horse sense is something a horse has that keeps him from betting on people.

—:~::~—

Tact is what a girl uses to make a slow man think he's a fast worker.

The moon was bright,  
The road was dark,  
The perfect place  
To stop and park.  
He gave a sigh  
He gave a goan,  
He cursed his luck,  
He was alone.

—:~::~—

WHO'S DRUNK?

"Papa, how can you tell when men are drunk?"

"Well, my son, do you see those two men over there? Well, if you were drunk they would look like four!"

Son: "But Papa, there is only one."

—Old Maid

—:~::~—

MUCH BETTER

Worried: "Between you and me, what do you think of my new girl?"

Flip: "Between you and me, not so good. But, alone—oh, boy!"

—:~::~—

Some gals treat men like dirt—they hide them under the bed.

—Riggin' Bill

## MACK'S CRACKS

When you're away, I'm restless, lonely,  
Wretched, bored, dejected; only  
Here's the rub, my darling dear,  
I feel the same when you are here.

—Selected

—:—:—

Pvt.: "I shouldn't have said I was from  
Missouri when I went to see my draft  
board."

Pfc.: "Why not?"

Pvt.: "They sure showed me!"

—Private Bill

—:—:—

A mother was busy, explaining the facts  
of life to her young son. Then she said:  
"Now, son, if there's anything you don't  
understand, just ask me. Don't be afraid."  
The boy replied: "Yes, Mother, there is  
something I've been wanting to know for a  
long time. How do they make bricks?"

—:—:—

Definition of a pessimist:—A guy who  
buys a one-way ticket to Niagara Falls.

—:—:—

One girl says it's puppy love when a  
guy starts hounding you to death.

—Selected

## WE HEAR—

The man of the hour sometimes never  
knows when his sixty minutes are up.

—:—:—

Pvt.: "What did you tell that blond?"

Sarge: "I told her to take me or leave  
me."

Pvt.: "Which did she do?"

Sarge: "Both!"

—:—:—

Two country lads were kicking a foot-  
ball around one day. A wild kick sent the  
ball into a neighbor's yard where some  
chickens were scratching. The rooster  
studied the football carefully, then ex-  
claimed: "Hens I'm not complaining—but,  
just look at the work they're turning out  
next door!"

—:—:—

The difference between a hair dresser  
and a sculptor is that while the hair dres-  
ser curls up and dyes the sculptor makes  
faces and busts.

—Mercury

—:—:—

If you're ever sick, a physician should  
be insulted.

# So Terribly Young!

BETTY TOM ANDREWS

*Honorable Mention in Short Story Contest*

**S**ANDRA was a lovely girl. Her hair was as bright as a shiny new penny, and her dark green eyes seemed to talk to you. Yes, she was beautiful and so terribly young.

I may as well start from the beginning. Sandra was my sister. We lived in a small house in the suburbs of Washington. Our parents were killed in an automobile accident in 1940, so the two of us lived alone. I worked in Washington, and Sandra had just graduated from high school. She was planning to enter college the following fall.

Like all pretty 18 year old girls, Sandra was in love. She and Jim were going together quite steadily. I don't think they ever missed a movie or a school dance. They seemed to be very much in love, but I took it for granted that all young people went through the "puppy love stage." Little did I know.

The summer seemed to fly, and when September rolled around, Sandra went to college. She made good grades, and seemed to be happy. Then - - December 7 - - 1941. Everything seemed to happen at once, and the world was in a turmoil. Washington was turned completely upside down. When Sandra came home for Christmas, Jim and I met her at the station. She was so beautiful, it almost hurt to look at her. Christmas fairly flew, and shortly after Sandra had returned to school, Jim joined the air corps.

June finally came, and Sandra returned for the summer. Jim got a leave, and the two were together again. One night after dinner, I was sitting in the living room reading the paper when Sandra and Jim came into the house. Before either of them spoke, I knew they wanted to be married. I didn't know what to say. They were both

so terribly young, but at that moment they seemed old and mature. They seemed old in spirit and wisdom—much older than I. They seemed to have grown this way in just the short while they had been together this last time.

They were quietly married in the rector's home. I have never seen two people so utterly happy in my life. They lived only for the present, never thinking of the future. They lived in an eternity of happiness in that short time. They lived for each other, and only for the other's happiness. Did they have time to think. This was not a stingy sort of love, as everyone who came near them benefited by just being near them. It was wonderful to think that in these terrible days of stress there could be so much love in the world.

After a short honeymoon, Jim was sent overseas, and Sandra got a job. Jim's letters came quite regularly, and Sandra was constantly writing to him. She was very happy. I envied her at times, because I realized as she did, that you are only completely happy when you love and are loved.

To tell you the end of my story will be hard to do. I have only the consolation that they had lived their life of happiness in those few days of Jim's last leave.

One night Sandra and I were washing dishes when the door bell rang. I wiped my hands on my apron. I answered the door, and a very small boy handed me a yellow envelope. I do not remember signing for it. I don't even remember much about what happened after that. Sandra walked into the living room and stared at me. I should have said something, but words just didn't seem to come. Sandra took the telegram, and put

*Continued on Page 31*

# THERE'VE BEEN SOME CHANGES MADE!

1942

1943

1944

1945

SMOKES	Oh, goody! A carton of cigarettes.	Got a package of cigs?	Someone give me a drag.	Who took my pipe?
DATES	I can't date all you boys on the basketball team.	More studying, fewer dates.	Jin's coming tc see me this quarter.	Slag to Senior Dance.
MEALS	Of course I wouldn't miss a meal in the dining room.	Save me a booth in Shannon's	Get out the hot plate!	I always did wanna go on a diet.
CLASSES	I'll have time to study my lesson before 1st. period.	I'll have time to make my bed before 1st period.	I'll have time to brush my teeth before 1st period.	SWISH!!!
MAIL	Shucks, only four letters today.	Gee whiz, a letter today!	Oh boy! A postcard!	Where's my dust cloth?
PROPOSALS	No, Wilbur. I can't marry you til' I finish school!	I decided to take a 2 year course, Wilbur.	Wilbur got drafted.	I'm nobody's sweetheart now.
SUMMER JOBS	My folks think I need a rest.	Kissed the boys goodbye.	Summer school calls!	Rosie the Riveter.
DANCES	Oh boy! Bids from Tech, V. M. I., Virginia, Annapolis, and Duke!	Pickett's closer anyway!	Hampden-Sydney's nearer yet!	Oboy! A dance in the rec this quarter.
FOOD	Fried chicken twice a week.	Haash!!	Meat (??) did you say?	"One meat ball."
ANSWERS	No, No, a 1000 times No.	Maybe.	We-ell.	Hell, yes!!
PHYS. ED.	Required	Required	Required	Required
AMBITTIONS	I want a Ph. D.	I want a M. A.	I want a B. A.	I want a MRS.



# Worth Investigating

prop up on these

## HERE IS YOUR WAR

ERNIE PYLE, *Henry Holt and Company, New York, 1943, \$3.00.*

THIS is a story not of the war itself, but of the boys who compose the American army. We are told not of the battle strategy, but of the soldiers themselves as they move in battle. Ernie Pyle writes about those characteristics of the average American boy that makes victory possible.

"Our men can't make this change from normal civilians into warriors and remain the same people." Constant killing has made them rougher; their language is profane; they are impatient with foreigners, and their sense of humor has been dulled. And yet, they remain friendly and unselfish, infinitely patient, and homesick.

"All these it is composed of; and of graves and graves and graves." For this is the price of war. But war is not all death, nor is it filled with foolish laughter; it is not all dirty, unshaven, bedraggled men. As it is, it does not make all men into heroes. It is the drama of everyday man, who lives and fights and struggles with the love of freedom that is America's gift. This is the war that Ernie Pyle knows and the people of whom he has dedicated a true picture of the heroism of the average American.

—MINNIE ROSE HAWTHORNE

## THE CURTAIN RISES

QUENTIN REYNOLDS, *Random House, N. Y., 1944, \$2.75.*

THIS is a vivid account by the war correspondent of *Collier's Magazine*, of the present war in Europe. Mr. Reynolds describes his own feelings and reactions so realistically that the reader of his book can

almost imagine himself journeying along with him.

Beginning with his trip by plane from Miami, he tells of his ride through the Caribbean to Trinidad; on to Teheran; and from Iran to Moscow. He relates many incidents, both humorous and serious, in his attempt to give us a true picture of the Russian people. Soviet Russia, he believes, should not be considered as a threat to the world, but only as one of the great nations. Stalin is described as a great leader and a great statesman, with a profound knowledge even of Mexico and Central America.

Reynolds then goes to Cairo, to Tunis, to Sicily, and on to Rome, describing the customs, habits, and mannerisms of the people, and the effect of the war on their lives. He tells of our boys, those of the 45th Division, the Rangers, the First Army, and others, and how their bravery and sense of humor have contributed so greatly to the victory that is to come. He tells a human story, dealing with persons rather than incidents, and individual reactions rather than historic movements. On his return to the United States, he expresses his bewilderment in reading columns of criticism of our war effort, of the narrow-minded opinions and prejudices of many people, of the petty bickerings among government officials, and the lack of sacrifices on the part of the people as a whole.

In closing, he says, "I can't forget what General Montgomery said, 'The war has finally begun.' I think he is right. The preliminaries are over. The actors have learned their lines. The dress rehearsal has been held held. The orchestra has played the overture. The play is about to begin. The curtain rises."

—MARY E. FUQUA

## WORTH INVESTIGATING

### DRESS REHEARSAL

QUENTIN REYNOLDS, *Random House, New York*, 1943, \$2.00.

THIS is a participant's description of the raid on Dieppe by the British and Canadian commandos. "The author," says a just critic, "has put entirely too much of himself in the book and not enough of Dieppe." But there is enough self-effacement to allow the human side of battle to stand along with the actual data.

Mr. Reynolds begins by explaining how he planned to wangle his way into a daring raid. From Lord Louis Mountbatten, Commander of the Operation, he received permission to be a member of the surprise attack on the German-held city. We are told that the raid was never intended to establish a second front as many of the newspapers claimed when they listed it as a failure.

The voyage over the Channel and the dangers met are described in detail. As soon as the men reached the French shore, the operation became a fight for the survival on the part of every man engaged. Fear, pain, and horror grew as time went on. The wounded were brought back to the ships, and Mr. Reynolds gives us an inside picture of the ward room—how the doctor and his assistants rushed from one wounded to the other; how the men braved their wounds; what were their thoughts. Many of them seemed very happy to have finally been given a chance to attack their enemy. The operation accomplished almost everything that the leaders had hoped for. Dieppe proved that a second front in France would be feasible. The lesson of the expedition summed up is, "We Can Do It."

—DOROTHY GELSTON

### FROM THE LAND OF SILENT PEOPLE

ROBERT ST. JOHN, *Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc.*, 1942, \$3.00.

IN this book, an Associated Press correspondent describes his experiences during the Nazi conquest of the Balkans.

The narrative shows plainly the horrors of Nazi warfare. It begins with the day Serbian nationalists rebelled at the compact signed by Prince Paul, and ends when Mr. St. John and two other correspondents a month later luckily escaped into Egypt, some of them nursing wounds.

*The Land of Silent People* does not delve deeply into political problems. Instead, the war hysteria of a terrorized people becomes a reality to the reader. Especially does it make him aware of the price Greece paid, for being small and fearless, weakly armed and utterly faithful—German's enemy and Britain's.

This eyewitness of the invasion of the Yugoslavia and the evacuation of Greece puts down all that "he saw, heard and smelled." The book, in places, is not pleasant reading. But that is what it intended to be: a lesson to America. It shows us what war does to people who have only human bodies to put up against steel and fire.

The most exciting part of the book is the escape from Yugoslavia into Greece through the Adriatic. About fifteen men started out in a twenty foot boat to go through a heavily mined sea. They had very little food, ran out of gas and had to use sails. Two Italian ships lowered their guns to fire, but the escaping men waved their caps and yelled, "Viva Il Duce!" The guns were moved back into place. The refugees sailed into Cark, shouting until they cried.

— In anyone wants to know what modern war can be at its worst, told with a powerful sweep of imagination, horror, and pity, he should read this book. It is a vivid and bitter story of one of the least publicized chapters of the war. Mr. St. John's descriptions are so moving that one reader at least felt she was with him at all times. She could not lay the book aside. It is breathless reading, although some chapters are full of unbearable suffering.

—FRANCES LEE

# L'INCIDENT . . .

SARA DAILEY MOLING

THE old man sat on the porch in the drowsy October sunshine, musing softly to himself. Suddenly he raised his head and shouted.

"Mossy!"

"Yassuh." Mossy paused by the front door.

"Seen anything of Jack yet? Late, isn't he? And you've got creamed chicken for supper."

"Yassuh," Mossy chuckled respectfully. "But Massa Jack, he's powerful busy with school these days. Gettin' to be a sure 'nuff big boy now."

The old man nodded and continued his reverie. Mossy was right; Jack was a big boy now. And a rather fine one, to his way of thinking. Well, he'd done the best he could . . . Nice and peaceful here alone like this—almost made one wish to rest forever. If only he could hold on long enough to get Jack well orientated on the right track. After all, he was the only relative in the world Jack could call his very own. When he first took the boy to live with him, they'd told him he was too old. And that was seven years ago. Why, Jack would be eight next month!

Well, he hadn't done such a poor job. Jack was sturdy enough and surely handsome—with his finely curling hair and those eyes that looked as if they'd been washed by fresh rain.

"Or perhaps his eyes reflect the sparkle of the river," the old man said aloud. Living near the river as they did, he and Jack had spent half their waking moments down

there every day. Sometimes they would paddle out in the old flat-bottomed rowboat, and he would patiently demonstrate his prize fishing technique. Sometimes they would carry Mossy's sandwiches down to the bridge for a pleasant luncheon. Sometimes he would read in the shade while Jack swam and splashed vigorously, very much like a squealing, carefree puppy.

On winter evenings he would always read to the boy. Early he abandoned the traditional fairy tales and nonsense rhymes because they bored him. And he had too little

time left, to suffer boredom. Besides, Jack seemed to enjoy his slow sonorous interpretations of his favorites—Shakespeare, Rabelais, and Browning. He liked to read history aloud too, except that he invariably skipped over the parts about war.

The very word sent a shudder of distaste through his gaunt, lean body. No matter what they said about his incompetence, at least he had spared Jack the knowledge of war. There was much that he could

have discussed—all the blood and hate and wrong and pain and bitter, wrecked tiredness. His mind ached with the flaming memory of many things he had tried in vain to forget—the big guns, the blur of dying faces, the utter valuelessness of human personality. Yes, he had managed to steer clear of all items tainted with war. Jack had been shielded from what was to be feared above all else. Jack was still too young, too young to know.

"Until Jack's roots are so firm—until he is old enough and wise enough not to



be lost, he must not know; he must not . . ."

The old man's whisper faded into the quiet haze of late afternoon. He sighed as his head sagged heavily against the cushioned back of his chair. Presently he slept.

"Gran'pa! Gran'pa!" Jack shrilled in excitement. He skipped up the walk and greeted the old man with an affectionate peck on the cheek.

"Gran'pa, guess where I've been?" Jack's words rushed together in one eager torrent. "All the guys in my room are a Commando unit, and I'm the lieutenant! And Bobby let me shoot his B. B. It's a keen gun, Gran'pa. Gran'pa, can't I have one? Please! It's what I want more'n' anything else in all the world."

### So Terribly Young

*Continued from Page 26*

it into her pocket. She put on her coat and left the house without uttering a word.

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